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THE

Double WELCOME.

A

P O E M

TO THE

Duke of Marlbro.

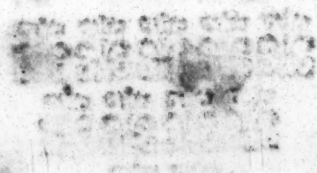


L O N D O N :

Printed, and Sold by B. Bragg at the Blue-Ball in
Ave-Mary Lane. 1705.

22. Januar. 4.

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Printed, and Sold by A. Bury at the Sign of the
Anchor, in St. Dunstons Church Lane. 1705.

THE
Double Welcome.

A
P O E M
To the

Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

My Lord,
THE Muse that by Your Victory's Inspir'd,
First sung those Conquests, all the World admir'd,
Now sings the Triumphs of your Native Land,
Where you our Hearts as well as Troops Command,

Her Debt of Praise is Yours, but 'tis her Due,
That welcom'd Vict'ry, now to welcome You.

And tho' her Verse *too mean* to sing your Fame,
 Injures the Hero by the Poet's Name;
 Abjeſt and low, and *scorch'd by Party-Fire,*
 Whom neither Name Invites nor *Hopes* Inspire:
 Yet this ſhe claims, ſhe can Your Fame rehearſe,
Unbiaſſ'd in Your Praise, *Impartial* in her Verſe.
 This Character ſh' has kept, and this ſhe brings,
 She always ſcorn'd to flatter, *tho' ſhe ſung to Kings.*

Satyr has been her Talent, Truth her Song,
 Truth *who can bear it!* ſung too loud, too long.
 Bright Truth! that Stranger to the Jingling Train,
 Makes all their Praises Satyrs, all their Satyrs vain,
 While Truth can neither this nor that explain.
 Th' *Unſpotted Standard* has been all her Aim,
 For this ſhe has felt her Fate, and ſunk her Fame:

For

For this *they've* damn'd the Poet and his Rimes,
And slain th' unhappy Muse for want of Crimes.

Adapted thus to Sacred Truth and Fame,
She never sung but they were both her Theme.
Stranger to Panegyrick and to Praise,
It must be *some sublime* must her just Fancy raise.
To Truth and Merit she was always true,
She never could the flattering Flight pursue,
And never prais'd but William, Sir, and You.

(Thought,
And should she, spight of Nature, strain her
Should she his Laurels sing that never fought,
Should she make Gallo Chast and Talus Wise,
And praise Immortal Blockheads in Disguise,
Or feign a Hero,
'T would be so forc'd, so aukward, and so dull,
Gallo would seem more Lewd, Talus seem more a Fool :
Truth thro' the Lawn of Flattery would shine,
And in Mock-Praise the Satyr must be seen.

Should

Should we Eternal Trophies seem to raise,
 And Flying *Chamo's* Doubtful Vict'ry praise.
 Disputed Honours partially decide,
 And grant that Fame *Bellona* has deny'd;
 To Vict'ry's Statue new Mock Honours pay,
 And say they Conqu'ered there that run away;
 'T would with such Incoherent Nonsense shine,
 The blushing Hero must the aukward Praise decline:
 The strong Collateral Banter would appear,
 Courage so sung would read like *Hymns to Fear*.
 The Painters thus by Contraries present
 The allegorick Devil like the Saint,
 But by some faint Reflection show their Care
 The Cloven Meaning should not fail t' appear.

The Poet, Sir, to Plainness thus enur'd,
 Thus from the Charge of Flattery first secur'd,
 An Honest and Unbyass'd Freedom brings,
 And all the Nation listens while he sings;

In his Inviting Comfort freely Joyn,
 Just so they did when first he sung *the Bayne*;
 Just as when *Namur's* Conquer'd Walls he sung,
Britannia own'd his Harp Divinely strung.
 'Tis Subject makes a Poet, and the Verse
 Must be Inspir'd when *William* we rehearse;
 His mighty Name Poetick Force procures,
 And next to him the Inspiration's *Yours*.

From Foreign Fields and wild *Danubian* Shore,
 Where *English* Armies never trod before,
 Fruitful of Dangers, long enur'd to War,
 For Great *Gustavus* us'd to Conquer There;
Herculean Labours past, and Hazards run,
 Unheard of Marches made, unlook'd for Vict'ry won:
 From Battels fought in Earnest, and the Field
 Which none but *these* could win, where *those* must
 yield:)
 From unexampl'd Conduct and Success,
 That ne'er had been so great had *This* been less:

From

From Deeds too mighty to be spoke by Words,
 Printed in Death, engrav'd *with English Swords,*
 Confest by *Humbl'd France,* and loudly told
 By Valour *dearly bought,* by Valour *dearly sold:*
 From scatter'd Enemies and rescued Crowns,
 Which Envy nor *Disputes* nor Pride *disowns;*
 You're welcome, Sir, to this unthankful Shore,
 Where Men of Worth were *never own'd* before.

If in the future Glories you pursue,
 You find the hateful Scandal happen true;
 The Names of *Schellenberg* and *Hockstet* lie
 Buried with *Namure* and the *Boyn* in wild Obscurity.
 Let not your Virtue in Suspence appear,
 'T has always been the Fate of Merit here:
 A steady Glory ever has entail'd
 The Grin of Envy; Envy never fail'd
 To act the high refin'd Extreme of Hell!
 How *William* found it, *Blush my Muse to tell.*

Shall

Shall any Foreign Bard desire to know
 Why *Britain* can so few like *William* show?
 Say angry Poet, tell 'em 'tis because
 Ingrateful Devils grudge them due Applause.
 The Nation's Genius acted from below
 Rewards no Service, will no Merit know.
 Fame's empty Record none but *Marlb'ro'* shows,
 Would *England's* Work on *England's* Terms espouse:
 But he like *William*, *Heavens* their Fame regard,
 Pursues true Virtue for its own Reward.
 Welcome Immortal Hero's to that Shore,
 Where Men of *Equal Worth* were never seen before.

From *Fam'd Breda* set out the mighty Train,
William too oft set out from thence in vain.
 Advance my Muse, and view th' embattel'd Line,
 They pass the *Maese*, the *Moselle*, and the *Rhine*.

France in Suspence the mighty Storm foresaw,
 The Conq'ring Squadrans for the Battel draw,
 And *Mars* stood blindly hov'ring o'er *Landau*.

Laugh at the guilty baffled God of War,
 Ye Sons of Arms, the Scene's prepar'd afar;
 Not *Lewis* now, not *Mars* himself could know
 Where *English Jove* his Thunderbolt would throw:
 No Traytors brib'd by *France* could lead the way,
 Not Hell it self the Project could betray,
 Nor sell the Nation, as in *William's* time, for Pay.

The Troops amus'd with Halts and Feints of War
 The just Surprize instructs them what to fear;
 When you to *Danube's* Banks in hast advance,
 A Length unlook'd for, unforeseen by *France*.

Swift, as the *German* Eagles lead, you fly
 On Gusts of Hope, and Wings of Victory;

Your

Your Passes o'er the *Swabian* Rocks appear
 Like *Hannibal's*, with Flame and Vinegar:
 And when the distant Vales their Prospect show,
 You threaten Conquest to the Plains below.

Before your powerful Troops *Bavaria's* fly,
 And *Schellenberg* give way to Victory.
 The fam'd Ascent had thirteen times and more
 Been storm'd, and ne'er was won but once before.
 Once did the great *Gustave Bavaria* here pursue,
 He Conquer'd here because he fought like You.

(Plain^s)
 From thence thro' ravag'd Towns and conquer'd
 The Monument of Victory remains,
Augsburg and *Munick* trembl'd at your Name,
 Tho' not inform'd of your approaching Fame:
 To *Blenheim*, happy Name! the Scenes advance,
 There gathers all the Thunderbolts of *France*.

A Leash of Armies on thy Plains appear
 Each fancied able to support a War,
 And free a Nation from the Vanity of Fear.

We that at Distance saw th' approaching Day,
 Knew the Design, and saw the Bloody Way.
 Blame not, great Prince, the doubts we own were true;
 Our anxious Thoughts for *England* and for You.
 We knew your brave resolv'd and steady Mind,
 But who durst hope for what remain'd behind;
 Who durst foretell the Glories of the Day,
 That saw the dreadful Dangers of the Way:
 Not Heaven it self, had we the News receiv'd
 From Heaven it self, would here ha' been believ'd.
 When first the Tidings thro' the Nation flew,
 We pauz'd to ask if 'twas a Dream or true;
 Amaz'd almost as much as they that fled,
 While those with Fear, and these with Joy, dismay'd.

Speak all ye Sons of *Rhime*, the Day rehearse,
The Theme's too high for my too humble Verse:

Apollo must your Heads at once inspire,
For needful Praise with Emblematick Fire.

He that in suited Verse to *Marlbro'* writes,
Should feel that very Spirit by which he fights.

Yet still the meanest Poet of the Train
Keeps on, nor shall his Tribute come in vain:

Not all are *Virgils* to *Mecænas* come,
Yet all huzza'd *Augustus* back to *Rome*;

When from the lesser Honour of the Day
He brought the *Ægyptian* Lover's Crown away.

And thus while *Cæsar's* Glory you pursue,
The Nation's Praises are your Native Due:

The universal Suffrage spreads your Name,
And all Men bless the Poet in your Fame.

Poet, a large Parenthesis allow,
Say here he Conquer'd--- leave the mighty How:

The vast Particulars let those explain,
 That sing in Numbers suited to the Man:
 Let *Addison* our Modern *Virgil* sing,
 For he's a Poet fitted for a King;
 No Hero will his mighty Flight disdain,
The First, as thou *the Last* of the Inspir'd Train;
*Mæcenæ*s has his Modern Fancy strung,
 And fix'd his Pension first, or he had never sung;
 Thou unregarded pay'st thy Debt to Fame,
 Oppress'd by Fate, and too obscure to Name.
 Envy and Party-Spleen h' has never known,
 No humbling Jayls has pull'd his Fancy down:
 The Towing Youth with high Success aspires,
 And sings as one whose Song the World admires.

Yet say he Conquer'd, tho' the mighty How
 For *Addison* thou may'st in large Parenthesis allow;
 Trace him from *Bleinheim* and *Danubian* Plains,
 The *Gallick* Captiv'd Heroes in his Chains:

Trace

Trace him to *Philipsburgh* and to *Landau*,
 And tell the *French* 'tis true as they foresaw;
 He would the mighty *Bastions* there pull down,
Tho' not before their *Army's* overthrown.

Attend the Hero to the ancient *Saar*,
 And see him threaten *Native France* with War;
 Surrender *Treves* that fatal Town to *France*,
 Their Troops abandon it as his Advance;
 Remind them of old *Holstein* and *Crequi*,
 There *France*, as now at *Bleinheim*, learn'd to fly.

Tell us no more of *Conquest*, *Fame's* oppress'd,
 The *Breathless Muses* claim some time to rest;
Saarbruck and *Traarback* will but spoil our Verse,
 So harsh no Numbers can their Sounds rehearse:
 So *Nimeghen* distracted soft *Boileau*,
 The Subject lofty, and the Poet low,
 Made his just Numbers halt, his Verses lame,
 For want of Rhimes to the Exotic Name.

Thus

Thus from a vast Variety of Scene,
 And six huge Conquests fix'd in one Campaign,
Bavaria Conquer'd, Settl'd, and Subdu'd,
 The flying Prince four Hundred Mile pursu'd :
 From *Nineteen Towns* *surrendred*, and the Field
 With slaughter'd Heaps and vanquish'd Legions fill'd
 From Captive Princes in your Train brought Home,
 So *Cæsar* led the Kings of *Gaul* to *Rome* ;
 From Trophies nobly bought, and fetch'd from far,
 From boldly finishing the Jest of War,
Your're welcome, Sir, behold th' approaching Throng
 Of Three great Nations list'ning to my Song.

How has this wise pretending Age till now
 Talkt big of Fighting, never yet knew how ;
 Our Soldiers tyr'd with strange Fate aguing Die,
 And in the *Ditch*, not *Bed* of Honour Lie ;
 Starv'd with the Cold and Terror of the Night,
 But never shew'd the *how* or *where* to fight.

The weary Land the *Trade of War* resents,
 For what the End designs the Means prevents.
 The Miseries we to this Day endure
 They caus'd that always *have been paid to cure*;
 Plunder's their Battles, and the Pay's their End,
 They shun their Enemy and rob their Friend :
 Peace would such Soldiers Livelihood destroy,
 And so indeed they'd for their Country die.
 For *Fighting's* just the way to be undone,
 And *Conquest* would conclude a War too soon.
 Good Husbandry, as *Wolfe* told us how,
 Had made the *Irish* War ha' held till now;
 But *Fighting Ginkle* struck the Stroke too soon,
 And so the Nation's sav'd, and all the *Royals* undone.

But you instructed for your Country's Good,
 The Cheats of War have all at once subdued
 And they that thought the Field was but a Play,
 Where all might cheat the Nation for their Pay;

There

C

With

With Lace and Feathers blustering a Campaign
 To all the Nation but themselves in vain ;
 Grow rich upon the Plunder of our Lands,
 And raise great Fortunes out of low Commands ;
 These found the Banter on themselves made good,
 While you the proper End of War pursu'd.

Our Campaign *Beaus* no more shall mock the Field
 And none take Arms but those that dare be kill'd ;
 The Powder'd Wig, the Snuff-Box and the *Wig*
 Will court no more the Musquet and the Drum,
 And *Beaus* go Rakes to War, come Bullies Home.

The very Words a different Accent bear,
Fighting must now be understood by *War* ;
 Battel and Death's synonymous in Name,
 And Wounds and Blood will only purchase Fame ;
 Cowards must lay their bought Commissions down,
 Their Camps the Pit, and their Campaign the Town ;

There

There they may bully, swagger, and repeat
 The mighty no Engagements they were at,
 And fight the *French* in Tea and Chocolate.

But he that follows *Marlbro'* to the Field,
 Must all his Fame on dangerous Merit build,
 Must look for Blows, and fairly state his Case
 Shame at his Back, and Death before his Face;
 A General that can show him how to die,
 And push him on to Conquer Victory.
 Shame, *Fear's Twin-Sister*, makes a Coward brave,
 He fights to lose the Life he dares not save;
 Fear makes him bold because he dares not fly,
 It wants more Heart to run away than die,
 For who dare turn his Back when *Marlbro's* by.

The English Arms grown dull with Rust and Peace,
 Tarnish'd with Luxury, and stain'd with Ease,
 You have new pointed, Sir, with Hearts of Steel,
 And *France* confesses what she can't conceal:

- Our Honour clouded with Contempt and Time,
 Sullied with long Difuse, and sunk in Crime;
 Buried so deep *allow the Muse to grieve,*
William himself could not her Name retrieve;
 Tho' thro' Ten Thousand different Dangers fought,
 Tho' thro' Ten Thousand Victories he fought:
 The trans-migrated Phantome you obtain,
 And in your Fame revive her once again:

Our Heroes Few, and long ago forgot,
 The Breed extinct, behold the Barren Spot;
 Stiril in Worth, and Poor in Sons of Fame,
 Crime taints the best Record, and blasts the worthless
William's the First, for Thirteen Ages past, (Name.
 And Fate portends that *Marlbro'* will be Last:
 How shall the Strength of Nature save the Breed,
 Who shall to *William's* Fame and Yours succeed!

And now from all the Dangers of the Field,
 Which Gods and Men with equal Joys beheld;

Which

Which all our widowed Harps has newly strung,
 Which *Thousand Heroes* fought a *Thousand Poets* sung.
 To *Britain's* crowded Shores your *Triumphs* come,
 And all the wond'ring Nation *shouts you Home* :
 A *Double Welcome* you at once possess,
 For *Double Conquests* crown you with Success :
 With *Double Joy* we shout, and twice applaud
Councils at Home and *Conquest* from Abroad.

Interest in all our Praises will appear,
 You're welcome, Sir, because *you're wanted here* ;
 We want you here to calm our wild Debates,
 And ballance *Parties* as you ballance *States* ;
 To check *Insulting Factions*, and supply
Immoderate Heat with forc'd *Humility* ;
 Con---dators to *Consolidate*,
 And *Tack* our *T---ers* to their own dear *Fate* ;
 To calm the *Churches Sea*, and keep it still,
 And fix the Nation's *Peace* against her *Will*.

Thus

Thus when from fighting Armies, Sir, you come,
You must engage *with Devils nearer Home.*

Armies of Hell-born Monsters must appease,
The *Titans* Heaven attack'd were Fools to these;
They Mountains threw, and *Hills* erect on *Hills*,
These Mountain *Bi's* Consolidate to *Bi's*;
The mighty Parallel agrees in Parts,
From Hell *they* fetch'd their Strength, as these *their* Arts
They Heavens high Power with borrow'd Power in-
vade,)

(Aid;
These Heaven's Vicegerent Queen assault by her own
Like them *they* fall, Heaven has decreed it so,
And you must ANN's Immortal Thunder throw.
See how th' embattel'd *Troops of Strife* appear,
Words are their missive Weapons, Noise the War;
With *High-Church Zeal* and Party Spirits fir'd,
With Hell's immortal *Hate of Peace* inspir'd,

A Pulpit War! whence should Sedition come?
 Our *Soldiers* fight Abroad, our *Priests* at Home;
 Arm'd with vast Helms of *Contradicting Truth*,
 With *Plumes* of *Incoherent Sense* set forth;
Self inconsistent Reason puffs the Mind,
Bluster comes on before, and *Distant Modesty* behind.
 See how the *Black Brigades* in Arms advance,
 You'll see no such, Sir, when you conquer *France*;
 Their *Meaning's* easy to be understood,
 The Gown has often *dipt the Sleeves* in Blood:
 Would you their *Sence* of things, Sir, understand,
 And know for what it is they embroil the Land;
 Quite different *Ends* of War they all profess,
 They fight for *Plunder*, Sir, and You for *Peace*:
 Your nobler *Hazards* help the World t' enjoy,
 You fight for *Right*, these *meerly* to destroy.
 Pardon the Poet all your Wars are Jests,
 You've fought with *Men*, you never fought with *Priests*.

Disdain not, Sir, the Instructions of our Verse,
 Your Arts of War will not this Cloud disperse;
 Priests, like the Female Sex, when they engage,
 There's always something bloody in their Rage.
 Thus Nature always in Extremes delights,
 The greatest Falls are from the greatest Heights.
 Angels sublime in Nature, and Divine,
 Are therefore turn'd to Devils when they sin;
 And Humane Sons of God are worse than they,
 When once they can the Laws of Crime obey;
 The high Seraphick Office qualifies,
 And they're the wickedest because they're wise.
 Expect no Quarter where the Tribe Commands,
 They fight you with their Heads and not their Hands.
 My Muse prophane no more the sacred Name,
 Jesus are these thy Sons!
 The Church the horrid Ravinners disowns,
 And loud beneath the Weight of Party's Groans.

These are the strong *Bandity of the Gown*,
 Who preach for *God's Sake*, plunder for *their own*.
 Our State Divines that push the Party Cause,
 And *swear and pray* for Persecution Laws,
 Own 'tis against their Doctrine and their *Sense* ;
 But freely grant they'd be *at that Expence*,
 Would sell the Church, the Nation, and the Queen,
 While all our mod'rate Clergy strive with them in
 (vain.

With mighty Arms thus they invade our Peace,
 In vain the Queen entreats their calm Recess :
 Tells them if she should grant the wild Desire,
 And pass the Publick Mischief they require,
 They'd grasp but Air, an empty fruitless Name,
 And be the first would perish in their own Flame.
 In vain the united Peers reject the Bill,
 Men seldom quit the Hopes of doing ill,
 They're doubly damn'd that can despair of Hell.

Th' unhappy Wretches bent to push their Fate,
 And born to find their own Mistakes too late,
 Only adjourn the Mischiefs they design'd,
 Pleas'd with the Hopes of Greater yet behind
 So far from Peace, *Peace ne'er was their Design,*
 They can for no Repulse the Feud decline;
 Their weighty Clamours all the Nation fill,
 And Damn the Lords because they *damn the Bill*;
 Whole Troops of Satyrs in their Front advance,
Their Household Bands more fierce than those of France.
 Our Poet trembles when their Troops appear,
But You, Sir, never have been us'd to fear.

There *sam'd Sachereel* leads the *Vast Foulorn*,
 By him the Party's *Bloody Standard*'s born;
 Abandon'd both by Modesty and Sence,
 And Manners left him as the Consequence:
Scolding's his Native Talent, and to *Roll*
 Serves him for Arguments when Reasons fail;

With

With College Licence and Assize Applause,
 He damns the Queen, the Bishops, and the Laws;
Nor spares the Church her self, but gives the Lie
 To all her Doctrine and Authority;
High Church Buffoon, the Oxford's stated Jest,
 A Noisy, Sawcy, Swearing, Drunken Priest.

L---y a Turncoat with extended Throat
 Has chang'd his Cassock for a Campaign Coat;
Stript of his Shepherd's Cloathing he appears
 The very *Wolf* he dress'd in *Asses Ears*;
 His Ecclesiastick Dignity lays down,
 And hates the Pulpit for *he hates the Crown*;
 The Revolution damns, affronts the Queen,
 His Sword the Gown supplies, the Text his Pen
 He's now a *Priest incog---* with Sword and Wig,
And swears to let you know he hates a *Whig*;
 His strong *Non jurant* Squadrons brings along,
Below Lampoon too rakish for our Song ;

He damns the Church for Schismatics because
 They alter'd their Allegiance *by the Laws* ;
 Declares the Church of *England's* only there
 Where strong Aversions to the Regency appear ;
 Unchurches all our Clergy at a Blow,
 And votes the Bishops useless---

This *mighty Captain Rake* deserves your Care,
 His pointed Darts in High-Church Front appear
 Ready to charge the Loyal Troops you bring,
 With Mock-Religion and a *Pageant King*.

M-----, a starving Mercenary Priest,
 A Jobbing, Hackney, Vicious Pulpit Jest,
 From *Ostia* and from *Belgia* lately fled,
 And took the Oaths for very want of Bread ;
Immoral Life, and an *immodest Tongue*
 And dealt in *Rhime*, and *Wit*, and *Baudy-Song*.

The needy Prelate, at whose bounteous Gate
 He lay expecting and importunate,
 Bought his wish'd Absence with a Teaching Cure
 To make just Room for D---s about his Door ;
 'Till from the clam'rous Claimers forc'd to fly,
 His Justice gave his Charity the L---
 May they from Creditors be never free
 That nourish Sacred Drones in Charity ;
 Whose mighty Alms by mighty Debts are known,
 And lend to God what never was their own ;
 Give borrow'd Sums, and borrow'd Sermons preach,
 And rob the Poor to help relieve the Rich.

These are the Generals of the mighty Band,
 The *Tallards* and *Marfins* of high Command ;
 Mean as they are they lead the wond'rous Host
 Of Priest-rid Worthies who some Brains have lost,
 With *Packingtonian Fury* hurried on,
 Whose Zeal must for their Ignorance atone ;

Who

Who hunt deep Contraries with eager Pain,
 Pull down the Church to build it up again :
 For how can high *non jurant* L---- rail,
 When strong *Consolidating Projects* fail
 How can they all their wav'ring Logick fix,
 And prove we should Conform to Schismatics.
 For if the Church, as Learned Men have said,
 Is parted from her only lawful Head,
 And the weak few, their Duty who retain,
 Are all the real Church that can remain,
 The Devil must this double Knot untie,
 And explicate the wilder Mystery,
 How the Dissenters can be charg'd by both,
 Two Contraries agree, and neither of *them* Truth ;
 Damn the whole Party's Nonconformity,
 And yet would damn them too if they comply.
 Coercive Powers provoke, and strive by Force
 To *Re-reform us all* from bad to worse ;

Force us with one Schismatick Church to joyn,
And at one Breath *unchurch* us all again.

Let B---ly blush, if not forsook by Grace,
And let his Sence assume his lost Religions Place;
Let him confess the throwing out the B---,
Cannot two Clashing Churches Wish fulfil:
That These must first abandon Common Sence,
Forfake their Cause, and quit their own Defence,
When they Occasional Oppressions seek,
And cure the Schism by the Schismatick.

Affist, Great Sir, your Suppliant Country's Peace,
And screen the Church from wild Absurdities;
Aid her more moderate Clergy to defend,
Temper the Means, and *Peace* the mighty End;
The Universal Voice of Truth and Law
That made to drive when this should fail to draw;

Joyn

Joyn to engage you in the just Defence,
 Of Temper, Moderation, Right and Sence,
 And of the Nation's Peace by Consequence.
 On this the mighty Publick Weal depends,
Conquest the Nation from her Foes defends,
 Compleat it, Sir, and save us from our Friends,

Thus, Sir, the Nation's Guardian you'll appear,
 Abroad suppress, at Home prevent the War;
 Anticipate our Factions in their Growth,
 And smother Feud beneath the Arms of Truth;
 And this Your Double Vict'ry will create,
 You'll heal Religion and preserve the State.

Whenever Heaven shall thus at once encline
 One Agent two such vast Events to join,
 The Nations must concur, the General Voice
 Will bless the Man to crown the sacred Choice.

F I N I S.

